

The Cardinal



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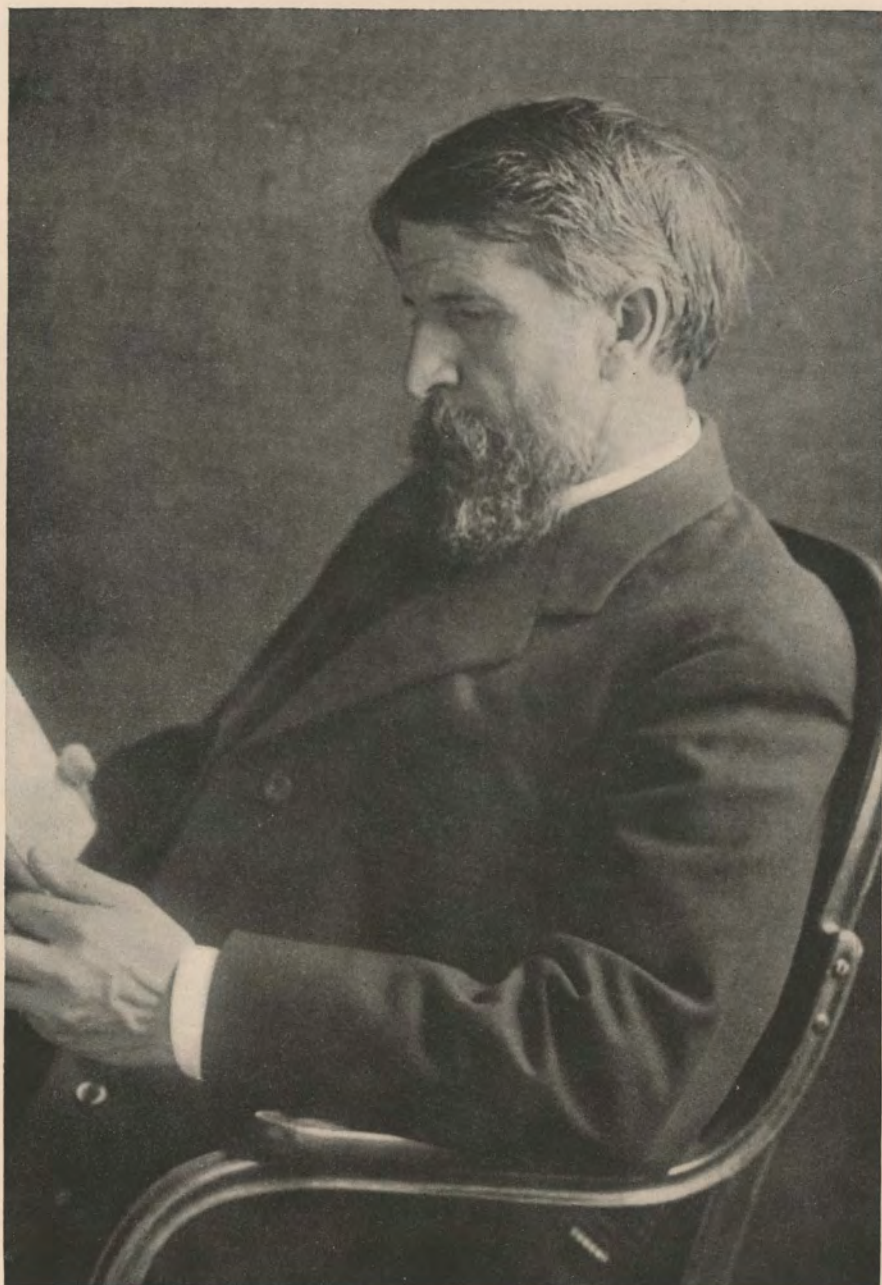
1916

Published by the
Senior Class

Plattsburgh State Normal School



We dedicate this book to
Professor George H. Hudson
Whom we regard with affection
and shall always remember
with the
highest appreciation



PROFESSOR GEORGE H. HUDSON,
Teacher of Biology, Physical Geography and Nature Study.

George H. Hudson

GEORGE H. HUDSON was born October 1, 1855, of Massachusetts stock. His father, an Unitarian clergyman, was graduated from Harvard College in 1843 and from the Cambridge Divinity School in 1847. He was a pioneer teacher in Akron, Ohio, and was one of the first to teach Pitman's system of phonography in New York City. Professor Hudson's mother was Principal of the Boys' Intermediate School, at Chelsea, Massachusetts; she also taught one of the first kindergartens in Boston.

The son was given his early education at home. Later he attended the Potsdam State Normal School for two years and the New England Conservatory of Music for two years. Early in life he had the laboratory and library habit, and now has a library of about 6,000 volumes. From 1875 to 1890, he was church organist at Plattsburgh and Burlington, Vermont. In the Fall of 1879, he came to Plattsburgh and in 1883 was married to Miss Eleanor P. Mead.

He taught his first school about 1875, but in 1890 at the opening of the State Normal School he was elected to the Chair of Science, which position he has held for twenty-six years. Professor Hudson has published many articles on music and education but is best known for his original work in geology and paleontology, which is recognized the world over and many of his discoveries have been added to college texts in both subjects. He is now engaged in the interpretation of curious features revealed by sedimentary rocks and on new studies concerning the paleohistology and paleobiology of Echinoderms. These are new fields in which there are at present comparatively few students.

Professor Hudson belongs to many scientific societies and is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Foreword

In presenting the 1916 edition of our school year book a few words as to the methods adopted in its compilation may not be out of place.

One of the principal aims of the staff has been to make this work a distinctively school book in the most comprehensive sense of the term. To this end contributions have been solicited to a larger extent than ever before from the under classmen. We have also made a special effort conspicuously to represent the activities of the school in as interesting a manner as possible. If these two objects have been accomplished to any appreciable extent the editors will feel gratified, though they may not have achieved any remarkable literary distinction in the attempt.

With these few words of introduction we now leave the 1916 Year Book to the lenient judgment of the reader.



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History

Class Day Program, June 22, 1916

Eighteen or twenty years ago, if we could have looked into certain homes in the North, South, East or West of New York State, Vermont and New Jersey, we should have seen some boys and girls in whom, if we could have stayed and watched them at their play, we should have recognized that spirit of good fellowship and kindness, which as they grew older made them loved and respected by their friends.

These traits grew stronger and more marked as time went on. Gradually, as the parents and teachers watched over them, it was noticed that they were leaders both in work and play and seemed ambitious to learn and to help others; although sometimes a boy had to be punished for throwing erasers or a girl had to have sticking plaster pasted over her mouth. Nevertheless, in each home it was noticed that a great future lay before these boys and girls. They went through high school still doing good work and making many friends.

One night in each home these boys and girls held a conference with their parents, for the time had come when they must decide where they should go to prepare themselves for their future work. They wisely decided to go to the Plattsburgh Normal School.

So it was that in September, 1914, one of the largest classes in the history of the Normal School was organized.

When first my eyes rested on these spacious halls, it was not hard to tell among the hundred and sixty or more boys and girls which were the Juniors. They were not greeting old friends, but were looking at one another and wondering what to do next.

The Seniors glanced at us and with a look as much as to say, "We don't care to associate with you" turned their heads. But it was not long before that look was changed to one of respect and admiration. To me, as I looked at them, I wondered if I ever should know them all well, for from a class of eight to one of eighty-eight it looked like quite a large proposition.

We were such a friendly and capable class that it was not long before even the faculty realized that we were an unusual class—not only in size but in ability as well.

The Agonians and Clonians helped to make it pleasant for us by giving "Teas" and parties, and the faculty, by giving a reception.

November 4, 1914, the class was called to order by Dr. Hawkins and class officers were elected.

Soon Basketball teams were formed, both among the boys and girls. The Junior and Senior boys played a series of five games, the Juniors easily winning three straight games, which showed their ability in that line.

At our first Junior meeting the Seniors, knowing that we did not understand the customs, hid our coats and hats and then stayed and watched us find them; but that was the first time, and they did not catch us napping again.

On May 14, 1915, at Chapel time, the Juniors quickly showed what a wide-awake class they were by giving their class yells. At first the only response the Seniors could give was a vacant stare until finally the thought came to the minds of about six of the Senior boys to give a yell in return. Being fully unprepared it was not much of a success.

The Seniors, not wishing us to out-do them, challenged us to an oratorical contest one morning. They found that this did not frighten us at all for we accepted their challenge and in return challenged them to a musical contest to be given at the same time—May 24th.

Not only did we win the musical contest but the Seniors were startled by hearing us again giving our yells. After a while they answered us but it was hard for them to realize that they were beaten and that their air castles were being slowly shattered.

June 18 was the "Junior Prom." The gymnasium was prettily decorated and with good music for dancing and gay couples gathered about the punch bowl between dances, the evening proved to be a great success as all other Junior affairs had been.

It was not long before we went back to our respective homes a much happier and yes—wiser class, for we were quick to grasp the advice and knowledge given us by our instructors.

In September, 1915, after a pleasant summer vacation, we again returned to the Normal School to show the present Junior Class what to do if its members hoped to approach what we had attained.

They were a totally different class than ours and it was difficult for them to see that they had many hard hills to climb before they could hope to be anywhere near senior heights.

They immediately showed an interest in the method of conducting a class meeting by trying to lock the door on us while we were holding ours so they could listen, undisturbed, through the key-hole. Somehow, they always failed, for they were not quite quick enough for us.

Once they even took all the things out of the Seniors' desks hoping to find our secret of success hidden there. But they were disappointed when they found nothing of any value to them and only had helped us that much toward our "house-cleaning."

One bright morning, as we had surprised the Seniors last year, we surprised the Juniors this year by giving our class yells. They had no yells so only could clasp their hands and twirl their thumbs.

May 24, 1916, the Juniors, thinking that they had been with us nearly a year and had obtained all our worldly knowledge, tried to prove it to us by wearing their colors and also by having the faculty wear them the same as we had done last year. They soon realized they were dealing with people with whom it would take more than a few months to be on an equal basis. For, not only did we succeed in taking away Dr. Kitchell's colors and in giving them to the janitor to wear but we also succeeded in singing the Junior class song in a most proper way which spoiled the Juniors' dispositions, for they have not learned that great lesson—take defeat as you take triumph.

The same morning the Juniors marched to class to their own tune, "Mighty Lak a Rose." Although once it was such beautiful music in their ears, they then wished they had never heard it.

We are sorry we cannot remain here in order to help the Juniors along, for after all, they are a promising class, if only properly trained.

We have formed many friendships in our two years here. Although it has meant hard work to many, as each one of us goes out into the world to live our own lives we can look back with pleasure and will never forget the days in dear old P. S. N. S.

MILDRED E. TEACHOUT, '16.

MARIAN C. JOHNSON, Tarrytown, N. Y.
Tarrytown High School.
Delta Clionian.

ELIZABETH E. GRIFFITH, Fair Haven, Vt.
Fair Haven High School.
Delta Clionian.

ESTHER T. DUNCAN, Northville, N. Y.
Northville High School.
*Delta Agonian, Leader of Students' League,
Honor Student.*

E. AGNES MARTIN, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Plattsburgh High School.

ETHEL V. JACKSON, Whitehall, N. Y.
Whitehall High School.
*Delta Clionian, Literary Editor of The
Cardinal, Honor Student.*





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Delta Clionian.

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St. Joseph's Academy.
Delta Clionian, Leader of Students' League.

ROSELLE G. DELANEY, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
D'Youville Academy.
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Delta Agonian, Honor Student.

DIANA G. COHN, Tupper Lake, N. Y.
Tupper Lake High School.

LAVERNE L. SPRAGUE, Roscoe, N. Y.
Oneonta State Normal.
Honor Student.

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Millertown High School.
Delta Clionian.

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Delta Clionian, Honor Student.

HARRY T. KILBURN, Whitehall, N. Y.
Whitehall High School.
Honor Student.

MAUD I. WARNER, Randolph, N. Y.
Randolph High School.
Delta Clionian.





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Plattsburgh Normal High School.
President Senior Class, Basketball Team.

EDNA A. LAPAN, Saranac Lake, N. Y.
Saranac Lake High School.
Delta Clionian, Salutatorian.

JESSIE GRAHAM, Mineola, L. I.
Mineola High School.
Delta Clionian, Mgr. Basketball Team.

MABEL WEIR, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Plattsburgh Normal High School.

MARY L. SHEA, Mineville, N. Y.
Mineville High School.
Delta Agonian.

ROBERT J. HODGINS, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Plattsburgh High School.
*Basketball Team, Athletic Editor of Year
Book.*

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Delta Clionian, Honor Student.

SARAH CARNES, Tupper Lake, N. Y.
Tupper Lake High School.
Delta Agonian, Honor Student.

ELIZABETH M. ROONEY,
West Chazy, N. Y.
Plattsburgh Normal High School.
Delta Agonian.

EDITH M. JAQUES, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Plattsburgh Normal High School.





DOROTHY M. WOLCOTT, Keeseville, N. Y.
McAuley Academy.
Delta Agonian, Honor Student.

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D'Youville Academy.
Delta Agonian.

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Fulton High School; Central City
Business School, Syracuse, N. Y.
*Valedictorian, Delta Agonian, Basketball
Team, Leader of Students' League.*

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Delta Agonian.

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Delta Clionian.

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Ballston Spa High School.
Delta Chionian.

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Albany Normal High School.
Delta Agonian, Girls' Basketball Team.

LYDIA MONTVILLE, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Plattsburgh High School.

ELEANOR W. ARTHUR, Keeseville, N. Y.
Keeseville High School.
Delta Agonian.

HELENA G. HARRICA, Lyon Mt., N. Y.
Lyon Mt. High School.





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Delta Agonian.

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President of Students' Welfare League.*

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Basketball Team, Honor Student.

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MYRTIS S. SMITH, Mexico, N. Y.
Mexico High School.
Delta Clionian.





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East Syracuse High School.
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Delta Clionian, Honor Student.

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NITA WILKINSON, Copake, N. Y.
Hillsdale High School.
Delta Clionian.

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 Port Henry High School.
*Captain of Girls' Basketball Team, Joke
 Editor of The Cardinal.*

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 East Syracuse, N. Y.
 East Syracuse High School.

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 Port Henry High School.
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 Year Book, Basketball Team.*

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 D'Youville Academy.
Delta Agonian.

W. STANLEY KELLER, Chester, N. J.
 Roxbury High School.
Basketball Team.





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*Basketball Team, Assistant Editor of
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Lynbrook High School.

JENNIE U. SANGER, Plattsburgh, N. Y.
Plattsburgh High School.
Delta Agonian, Honor Student.

In Memoriam

Mary Norton of Whitehall, New York, a member of the class of 1916, and a Delta Agonian, was killed on September 7, 1915, in an automobile accident near Glens Falls, in which four other members of her family, also, met death.

Her sunny disposition and lovable nature won many friends for her during her Junior year and her sad death has cast a shadow over the annals of her class, as her loss is deeply felt in school and social life.



FACULTY—1906.

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ALBERTA V. SHEARER	Mineville, N. Y.
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GLADYS H. SMART	Keeseville, N. Y.
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ABRAHAM WOLFE	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
ANNA M. WHITE	Saranac, N. Y.
THIRZA A. WILSON	Lake Placid, N. Y.
RUTH E. WHITE	Saranac, N. Y.
ROSAMOND S. WHEELER	Plattsburgh, N. Y.
MAY A. WAY	Peru, N. Y.
JEHIAL C. WARREN	Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Class History, 1917

οὐ γὰρ λόγοισι τὸν Βίον σπενδάζομεν
λαμπρὸν ποιεῖσθαι μᾶλλον ἢ τοῖς δρωμένοις.

By deeds, not words, our care it is to make our lives illustrious.

In these few lines I hope to express a few reasons why the class of 1917 is such an unusual one. From the title, no doubt, you expect to find a flowery essay in which there are four adjectives to every noun, but although this might be true it would be unjustifiable to the seniors. We should feel like the most base thieves if we deflected in the least way any of their applause. The noble seniors, their history tells us, live on Mt. Sinai. May they receive our sympathy, for they are in the lime light and their faults are easily noticed.

On Sept. 8, 1916, a new atmosphere swept through the halls of our grand old institution and enthused everything it touched. Thus was the Junior class heralded and thus it so remains the center of enthusiasm.

The faculty welcomed us with adoring faces. At last their wish had been fulfilled—a model class had arrived and they were given a chance to show what they could do with the right material. Mr. Thompson said the pass-word should be “Work.” Immediately the Juniors formed in line and marched steadily onward, only pausing now and then to whisper that charm which made the greatest tasks vanish, as a senior disappears when he beholds with envy the least of the Juniors.

Success came quickly and easily because the goal had been well chosen and the way well marked. Each had his own particular place to fill and strove to be the best, at the same time considering the ultimate purpose of the class.

The class may be compared with Solomon's temple for which the whole country sacrificed its best. Then the most skilled artists, sculptors, architects, engineers and the finest workmen in every clime were sent with their masterpieces to Jerusalem. So now we find the best students, greatest athletes, most accomplished musicians and untrained geniuses being sent to Plattsburgh to form the class of 1917.

New York City and vicinity gives us Misses Schadd and Sharrar, whose departure caused the metropolis to tremble. Coming up the Hudson and along the Mohawk we find Messrs. Cogan, Allen, McGovern, Fenaughty and Kornhauser, Misses Cooke, Ragan, Alexander, Hladky and many others whom I would mention but for the fact that their deeds have made them famous. Western New York sacrificed Misses Shay, Halpin and Conley, and well do they represent the honored places they have received. The Switzerland of America, the Adirondacks gave Misses Smith, Fox and Davey; and Plattsburgh, the city that is so

honored by the class retaliates by sacrificing Messrs. Rumpff, Haynes, Wolfe, Denicore, Warren, O'Connor, Misses Colligan, Herwerth, Barber, White and the Hewitts three who not only form the foundation of the class but the ties which bind it together. You must now understand why this class leads all others.

There is a proven and often used proverb, "You can't keep a good man down." The same thing can be applied to a class. It is impossible to overlook ability.

Early in the fall the strongest basketball team that was ever seen at the Normal School organized and brought much praise from every spectator who had the pleasure of watching its victories.

The Clionians and Agonians became real sororities after the infusion of the new class. Without them the school would become a sanctuary.

As familiarity in the class increased and confidences were exchanged it became apparent that it would be a great problem to choose the officers from such a noble assemblage. But we seem to have been guided by a providential spirit for no better work has the Class ever done than in choosing Roy R. Rumpff, President; Margaret Barber, Vice-President; Lillian Cooke, Secretary; and Albert McGovern, Treasurer.

Very soon after our organization it is reported that there was a feeling in the Senior class that we were too proud to associate with them. They admitted our superiority but thought at the same time we ought to show them kindness. Their silent appeal touched the hearts of the girls and a basketball game was arranged which was carried through so well that the Seniors thought the Juniors really tried to win the game. The "Farce" being so successful and the result so encouraging the Junior Boys felt that they could do as well and arranged a schedule of three games between the classes. Their skill did not however equal that of the girls. They scored so fast at the beginning that before they realized it the Seniors had given up all hope. The Juniors almost stopped playing and tried to persuade them to try to shoot a few baskets. But it was useless, their spirits had been completely crushed. Because of this mistake the tennis schedule was also given up. So when baseball time arrived no one thought of such a thing as a class game.

Such is the history of the first year of the class of 1917. We know, of course, that these last days will be given over to the class of 1916, when we shall hear of its wonderful accomplishments, but what the class of 1917 has done in its Junior year is but an earnest of the great things awaiting them in the days to come.

KENNETH BUCK, *Class Historian.*

Junior Class Song

TUNE—"Mighty Like a Rose."

Junior days are over,
Makes us all feel sad;
Next year we'll be Seniors,
Can't expect to be glad;
No more care-free faces,
No more real good times,
Can't enjoy the movies
But must save all our dimes.
All year we've been happy
Spite of Logic too,
Always had our problems,
"Pshy" we always knew;
Seldom flunked an oral,
Always passed a test,
In the faculty's opinion,
The Junior class was best.

But those days are ended,
Ne'er will they return;
Next year we'll be Seniors,
Dignified and stern,
But we'll still be cheerful
While doing every task,
We'll all do our very best
To give them what they ask.
And we'll set examples
For the other class;
Always pegging bravely,
All exams we'll pass;
Always have our shorthand,
Know our History of Ed.
Not till one o'clock each morn
Shall we crawl into bed,
But cheer up all ye Juniors,
Will not be so bad,
At end we'll all be glad
That we have worked so hard.

HELENE DALEY.

By a Junior

S is for the sissies that the boys are,
E means ever-green the girls will be ;
N is for the numbskulls the whole bunch are,
I is for their ignorance you see.
O means over-slept ; they always look it ;
R means right and that they'll never be.
Put them all together they spell Senior,
A word that means a "Simp" to me !

J is for the jolly bunch of Juniors,
U means how unceasingly they work ;
N is for the 'nowledge they have plenty,
I means in their lessons they don't shirk.
O is for the only class worth praising,
R means 'rong and that they'll never be.
Put them all together they spell Junior,
A blessing to the Faculty.

Valedictory

As time goes on, year by year, there comes to those who are students in this institution a day that is cherished by them as the turning point in their lives. This day marks their transition from the simple duties of school life into the field of service in a larger school, the school of life.

For us, this day has a special significance, for it is our Commencement Day, and we, the Class of 1916, are the participants.

With this day as our goal, we have climbed, step by step, up the ladder of our hopes, overcoming every obstacle as we threaded our way through the paths of knowledge.

Now our goal is won and we stand at the summit of our career proud of our achievement and rich in the memories of our school days together.

No words seem more suitable on this glad day than the words that convey the secret of our success—words that will express to you, our faculty, the gratitude and appreciation which we feel for your untiring efforts in our behalf. You have been as a light before our eyes showing us the way not only by your teaching but by the examples of a useful life. You have shared our successes and our failures. You have cheered us in our undertakings and smoothed away our difficulties. You have been to us at all times and in all things a constant friend and guide. Accept, then, our heartfelt thanks in that you have borne with us so patiently and ministered to us so faithfully. Thanks from all gathered around you today—thanks in the name of absent friends who have carried away with them the remembrance of your kindness—thanks from the ones whom you have taught to love you and who are now under your care—thanks, too, from those we loved and could not keep among us—from all of us, thanks deep and earnest are rendered you today.

May we in gratitude for your generous devotion to our interests strive gladly to cooperate with you in this field of service that our efforts may produce in the hearts of our pupils lofty ideals of good citizenship. Let us not forget that this country looks to its teachers to fit those entrusted to them to carry on the work of this great republic. To us, as one link in this great chain, will be due in large measure the success or failure of those under our charge.

The time has come which separates us from the association of our school life. It is with a feeling of joy and of sadness that we look back upon our school days. Happy, because our minds have been trained for the higher and nobler things in life. Sad, to part from those we love. Other scenes and other cares

will now enter our lives but the friendships we have made here, time can never destroy. Memory holds no dearer, brighter picture than that of our school days. All through life, the memory of these days will remain with us as the following lines so well express:

Let fate do her worst ; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she can not destroy ;
And which come in the night-time of sorrow and care
To bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled ;
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

CHARLOTTE PEARL.



Salutatory

Teachers, fellow students, and friends:

Our Senior year of discipline and training has passed, and once again we assemble to celebrate with fitting declamations OUR Commencement Day.

Just a word or line serves to kindle the dull smouldering embers of those tasks, trials, and tribulations, into a brightsome flame, and today, with a smile, we trace the trivial round of those things which comprised our "sheltered" lives, and in our reflections recount that not only the flowery blossoms, but the ugly weeds and thorny branches have taken on a beauteous face.

Throughout our Normal Days we have considered tasks evaded as tasks accomplished, and failures as a regular part of the school curriculum. But now in a way this must end.

From today, we must hearken to the call of our life's work, and whatsoever of ability we may possess, let us reveal it by our deeds. Our work will be a measure of our life, and success or failure will to a great extent depend upon the individual labor we expend.

We are hoping that as you are gathered here you may catch the spirit of our enthusiasm and with us enjoy the time that marks our commencement day.

In behalf of the Senior Class of 1916, I extend to you a most cordial welcome.

EDNA A. LAPAN.





Delta Clionian

The year of 1916 has been one of the most interesting years in the history of the Clionian Fraternity.

The rushing season opened very early. On September eleventh an informal tea was given in the Clionian room to the faculty and students. The following Friday evening a barn dance was enjoyed by the whole school and every one agreed that the Clionians were royal hostesses.

The first literary meeting of the year was given to the new students and was one not to be forgotten. All the girls who took part did their very best. The refreshments were not a minor detail and much credit should be given to the committee.

Friday evening, October twenty-second, the annual reception was held in the fraternity room. This was one of the most enjoyable events of the season.

The regular business meetings of the fraternity were held Tuesday nights of each week. It was voted that the fraternity take up the study of art, sculpture and music during the winter. Also that current events should be read at each meeting. This proved to be a very interesting as well as instructive study. The girls entered into the work and made very enjoyable programs. The glee club proved its ability on several occasions.

One of the most exciting mornings of the year was Wednesday, October twenty-seventh, when the girls so anxiously waited to see the sixteen new girls come into the study hall wearing the bow of yellow and white. The following Wednesday evening the new members were initiated into the fraternity, in a manner which will not soon be forgotten.

The annual cake and candy sale was held at Mrs. Baker's art store. The girls certainly showed their ability in domestic training. On December eleventh the annual Christmas sale was held at Miss O'Donahoe's. The sales were both a great success.

The originality of the junior members of the fraternity was shown Wednesday, December fifteenth when they gave, "Reunion of Clionians in 1920." The poetry on the gifts from the Christmas tree also told many tales on some of the members.

The first literary meeting after Christmas vacation was of special importance. Several of the non-fraternity girls were invited to the meeting.

Miss Jessie Graham and Miss Margaret Barber were delegates sent to the convocation which was held in Geneseo. Very interesting reports were given by each of the delegates after their return. Miss Julia Shay was elected Grand Vice-President.

Saturday afternoon, March fourth, a "Thé Dansant" was given in the gymnasium which was prettily decorated. A large number of townspeople enjoyed a very delightful afternoon and the Clionians were helped a great deal financially.

Thursday morning, March twenty-third, was another exciting morning when eleven more girls were pledged to the fraternity. These girls have proved themselves a great credit to Delta Clio.

The play, "The Rainbow Kimona," was given in the Normal hall by nine of the most talented members of the fraternity, Friday evening, May fifth. There was a very good audience and every one enjoyed the play.

The Clionians gave a reception May thirteenth to the Agonians during their convocation.

The annual Clionian banquet was held at the Witherill House, May seventeenth. This is an event always enjoyed by all Clionians. The excursion that so many anticipate was held June third. A delightful day was spent in Burlington.

We girls have worked together and have enjoyed all our pleasures together, and so I am sure we will all agree that this has been one of our happiest school years.

ANNIE LAURA SCRIBNER.



A Corner Stone of American Liberty

Class Day Program, June 22, 1916

When King John met the Barons at Runnymede on June 15, 1215, and there signed the Magna Charta, the English people had taken the first great step in constitutional government. From that day to this the people throughout the civilized world have continued to obtain their liberties, sometimes by gradual development, but more often over blood-stained battlefields. Out of the great strife for individual liberties there have gradually grown national liberties among the families of nations. And in this development we as Americans have demanded our rights and have stated our position.

In order to show this attitude and the elements of which it is composed let us go back to the days of colonization.

Four motives working either singly or conjointly, lead to colonization—the spirit of adventurous enterprise, the desire for wealth, economic or political discontent, and religious sentiment. The southern group of English colonies in America was in the main the outgrowth of a trading spirit working in conjunction with economic distress in England; and the Puritan migration to New England was impelled by economic and political causes as well as by religious motives.

In a large sense the planting of a colony means merely the expansion of a parent state. But this was not the view taken by England or by any of the European governments that colonized within the present boundaries of the United States. Colonies were treated as dependencies of the mother country, existing chiefly to furnish revenue either directly in taxes or indirectly in increased trade. It was because the English colonists in America, taking a broad view of their relationship to Great Britain, wished to be treated as free Englishmen in Greater Britain, and not merely as revenue producing subjects, that they revolted in 1776.

Thus by the Revolutionary War, or in a period of seven years, America advanced from the condition of a body of subordinate colonies to that of a nation. Furthermore, the people, who at the beginning of the struggle were scattered and separated, and who scarcely knew each other, were now united under a government; the Confederation, however weak, was the strongest confederation then in existence. The people had learned the lesson of acting together in a great crisis and of accepting the limitations upon their government made necessary by the central power. These Articles of Confederation soon proved inefficient,

and they were succeeded by the Constitution, giving to this country a democratic form of government.

Thus we have a new nation young and inexperienced, opening her gates to all classes, welcoming them with open arms, eager and ambitious to enter into world politics.

The first great crisis for this young nation came during Washington's administration, when France and England were battling for commercial supremacy. This question arose. Was the United States to consider itself bound to enter the war and to defend the French West Indies against Great Britain or should we remain neutral? It was at this time, 1793, that Washington issued his policy of neutrality, an announcement to the world that the United States stood outside the European system, that the United States was not to make alliances with non-American powers.

From the time of the adoption of the Constitution until 1812, this nation had been making great progress. Immigrants were arriving in large numbers, mostly from the northern countries of Europe, and they made good citizens. Our commerce was growing. In fact it was growing so fast that the countries of Europe looked on with jealous eyes. Both England and France began to seize our ships and their cargoes, and to impress the American seamen in their service. This kept up for a time and culminated in the war of 1812. But the spirit, that a wrong had been done and that it must be righted, was in the air, and the United States was victorious and peace brought national exaltation.

The end of the war marked also the withdrawal of the United States from the complication of European politics. From 1775 to 1812 this country had been compelled against its will, to take sides, to ask favors and to suffer rebuffs abroad. Now it was changed.

The next great question to face the country, was the one settled by the Monroe Doctrine. It is the policy of the United States, to regard any attempt on the part of a European power to gain a foothold on this hemisphere by conquest, or to acquire any new establishment in North or South America as an act hostile to the United States. In the words of President Monroe, "The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers. With the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." And this is the same attitude the United States has pursued until the present time.

The first step toward extending the principle of the Monroe Doctrine was during President Polk's administration. The northwest boundary was the issue. "It should be distinctly announced to the world," said Polk "as our settled policy that no future European colony or dominion shall without consent be planted or established in any part of the North American continent." Thus the doctrine was made to include acquisition by voluntary transfer or conquest of occupied territory, and a virtual protectorate over the other American states was announced, though limited to North America.

During Roosevelt's administration Venezuela had defaulted its payments to German and other European creditors. Under Germany's leadership Venezuela was blockaded and a threat was made to bombard its ports and occupy its coast. Roosevelt was watching, but not waiting too long. He announced our stand on the Monroe Doctrine. "We do not guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided the punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power."

Thus we see the United States appears to intend to stand by the Monroe Doctrine though in the end it leads to war. One reason is the national love of moral principles. Since the Monroe Doctrine is accepted by the American people, embodied in State papers, known to all nations and concerns the vital interests of the United States, of course it must be defended. But what will be the result if the Monroe Doctrine is not defended but abandoned? In all the discussion of present day problems we must consider that side as well. We feel little interest in the revolutions in Latin-South America or in the quarrels among themselves, but our profound dislike for the same process when applied from outside the boundaries of America is another matter. In any case the United States ought to see where danger lies. The present European War shows how its devouring flames spread from country to country. War with a foreign power in Mexico, Central America or Colombia, is next door to the United States; and war in Brazil or Chile, would be looked upon as preparing the ground for a later approach to our frontiers.

If our boundaries are ever crossed by an invading army it will be because we have failed to throttle the foe that has attacked an American country. And if the frontier is ever crossed a repetition of the European horrors will be our sorrows and our bitterness. It will show that we have failed to uphold the Monroe Doctrine.

The only proof of a genuine belief in the Monroe Doctrine, and a real intention to carry it out, is willingness to provide the men and ships, without which it will eventually become a scoffing and a by-word.

Briefly put, the Monroe Doctrine is a formula which expresses a fact and not a policy. That fact is inherent in the political geography of the Americas.

Even so peaceful a country as the United States, which desires no war and is bound to suffer heavily from any war in which she engages, whether victorious or defeated, may not have the choice. But the United States will defend her interests even though they seem at first to be only indirectly affected. If we are not prepared to take that ground, the Monroe Doctrine is dead.

If we are willing to go to that limit, it must be proved by intelligent preparation. That means a new organization through powerful general staffs and a centralization of the War Department and Navy Department which Congress has never been willing to authorize. It means an enlargement of the military and naval forces, and ultimately some form of military training. It means willingness to face the world as it is, and no longer to live in the delusion that we are protected by a paper Monroe Doctrine, but that it has become a part of the foundation of our country—even the chief cornerstone of American liberty.

HENRY W. MCCURRY, *Class Orator.*





Athletics





Athletics

It is most encouraging to note the wonderful progress made along athletic lines in the institution this year, especially since they have been somewhat backward for so many years. This is partially due to the increased number of young men attending the school but mainly to the spirit shown by the school as a whole.

The opening of the basketball season was anxiously looked forward to and much comment was heard regarding the prospects of a good team. A meeting, at which every fellow attended resulted in the selection of John M. Savage, Captain, and Prescott Horton, Manager, who were well qualified to hold these positions. H. W. Fenaughty was chosen assistant manager.

Many candidates reported to practice and there was great rivalry to gain a position on the team. After careful study of the material, Savage picked the following team:

Rumpff, r. f.
Savage, l. f.

McCurry, r. g.
O'Conner, l. g.

Fenaughty, c.

Edwards, McGovern and Bombardier, subs.

When it became known that "Hort" who "starred" in last year's games, would not play this season, a general disappointment was felt, but "Hort" thought that his duties as manager would require most of his time. His ability in getting outside games and his help and advice in regard to the team were certainly appreciated.

In looking over this year's team, it is to be noticed that only two men, Savage and McCurry were veterans. Their excellent playing during the season was one of the main reasons for the strong showing of the team. Rumpff and O'Connor who played on the Plattsburgh High School team last year showed up in excellent form, and Fenaughty, with his long, easy-going stride, which carried him swiftly about the court became very popular. The substitutes, McGovern, Bombardier and Edwards were valuable players also. Edwards made an excellent center, while "Mac" and "Bom" proved themselves capable in several games, especially the Port Henry and Mineville contests.

Although the team had little opportunity to practice they exhibited good team work, and all the games were hotly contested.

The results were as follows:

		Normal.
Plattsburgh "Y" League at Plattsburgh	10	18
30th U. S. Infantry at Post	20	19
Plattsburgh High at Y. M. C. A.	21	20
30th U. S. Infantry at Post	28	8
Port Henry at Port Henry	11	44
Mineville at Mineville	24	21
Port Henry at Plattsburgh	21	23
Chazy at Chazy	20	21

After the regular season was over the Juniors, knowing that the Seniors had only two regular players, challenged them for the class championship. The Seniors accepted and with great difficulty formed the following team: McCurry,

r. f., Savage, l. f., Kelley, c., Keller, r. g., and Hodgins, l. f. Keller was elected captain and Horton manager. The Junior line-up was as follows: McGovern, r. f., Rumpff, l. f., Edwards, c., Bombardier, r. g., Kornhauser, l. g., McGovern, Captain, Fenaughty, Manager.

The contest was held on a Friday night and rooters for the Senior and Junior classes cheered their teams throughout the game. The final score was in favor of the Juniors who secured victory after a "hot" battle.

The Senior girls made up for our defeat by trimming the Junior girls by the score of 3-2. This game was very exciting and the cheering could be heard at least a mile.

THE SENIOR TEAM.

Graham, r. f., Manager.
Kennedy, l. f., Captain.

Pearl, r. g.
Senecal, l. g.

Mulholland, c.
Subs., Smith and Palmer.

JUNIOR TEAM.

Turner, r. f.
Schaad, l. f.,

Hladkey, r. g.
Pollard, l. g.

Hanna, c.
Subs., Davey and Scharrer.

An Athletic Association was formed to oversee and promote athletics in every way possible. John Savage was elected President, Fenaughty, Vice-President, Margaret Palmer, Secretary, Henry McCurry, Treasurer. All students who paid dues (\$0.25 a term) were admitted into the society. It is pleasing to know that a large number entered the association.

In the latter part of May, baseball which has become one of the leading sports was begun. Hodgins was elected captain and Kelley, manager, with McGovern as assistant manager. The material is the best that has been in the school for ten or twelve years and the team was formed as follows: Allen, catcher; Rumpff, pitcher; O'Connor, 1st base; Hodgins, 2d base; Kelley, short stop; Hainfeld, 3d base; Fenaughty, center field; Keller, left field; Bombardier, right field.

For the first time in a number of years the P. H. S. has taken us on their schedule and this is a sign that baseball at the Normal is receiving some notice. In the game, so far, the Normal has been successful and we hope in the future, contests will come out with a larger score.

The games up to date:

		Normal.
Owls at Plattsburgh	0	10
Y. M. C. A. at Plattsburgh	13	9
Owls at Plattsburgh	1	7
Lake Placid, Plattsburgh	2	7
P. H. S. at Plattsburgh	7	1

Tennis this year is receiving more attention than formerly. The courts are being put into shape and several tournaments are being arranged.

All in all the athletic outlook of the school seems very bright and we hope that progress will continue steadily from year to year.

ROBERT J. HODGINS, '16.

Charge to the Juniors

Class Day Program, June 22, 1916

Juniors! Behold! We, the class of 1916 are about to bid farewell to you and to these noble halls. But, ere we do so, we must remember our duty, a duty which left unperformed would eventually mean the total destruction of the class of 1917. Never until this moment have you been brought face to face with such an all important problem. Juniors, have you ever realized that we can not always be with you, that we cannot continually support you through life's journey, and make this a "heaven on earth" for you? No, you must depend upon yourselves. Think of it—self-dependence. I know you may think us cruel and heartless, but would you stand in the way of the brightest class that ever left or ever will leave this institution; would you cheat the world of its services? No, I would not accuse you such a thing, for I am positive that you value us more highly. But, class of 1917, you must admit that you are a little selfish, you think only of yourselves, of your own success. Look back upon your career of the past year and see if you can remember even one day when we did not help, shield and advise you. See if you can pick out one instance where we left you to shift for yourselves. Did we not act like big brothers by helping you in your lessons, advising you in regard to tests and examinations, warning you in advance of stumbling blocks, and teaching you the importance of your attitude in the classroom? Still many of you do not seem to appreciate what we have done. Juniors, far be it from us to expect any undue praise but always keep this in mind: "Don't bite the hand that's helping you."

We often hear you boast of your class, and why, may we ask? We admit you are great in quantity, but in quality you are sadly deficient. Maybe, we are partially to blame for this, but judge us not in haste. Last fall when you entered you were a sorry-looking lot, without doubt the strangest mob I ever witnessed—raw, timid and unpolished. Today, you are by no means in that charming circle of the learned and refined. That would be impossible. But you are not in the same state as when you first came into contact with our class. You have made progress—little to be sure—but more than you ever made in all the previous years of your existence.

Surely, we understood the problems that confronted us when we first met you and that is the reason you were allowed to room with members of our class, that you might become endowed with some of their wonderful intelligence and be constantly under their everwatchful eyes. Among this group I recall such persons as Mr. Cogan, Mr. McGovern, Miss Fox and Miss Kornhauser. There are others also too numerous to mention. Although this experiment was not as successful as we hoped it would be, still we feel that you have profited from the environment in as high a degree as your limited capacity would allow.

Now the question before us is: Can we leave this school, with a feeling that you the Senior Class of 1917, will put into effect what we have taught you? Can and will you do all in your power to uphold the trust which we place in you, and never cause one blemish to be cast upon our Alma Mater? Fear not. We think you can. But not until we have shown you the folly of your past and have given good advice to be followed in the future. Do not be offended if what I say is not pleasant, but accept it as fatherly advice, for you know that the truth often hurts.

First, I must speak to you in regard to your class meetings. They, you will agree with me, were positively terrible. Early in the year, I remember, when the Seniors were holding a meeting, that you Juniors were trying to watch and learn from us how to conduct your affairs. We did not object to that, but when you began to play about the doors you disturbed us, and our President hearing the tumult and fearing that there would be "foul" play rushed to the door and to his satisfaction upon opening it, found only a remnant of the Junior class. He returned to conduct the meeting, and offered an apology to the class, not for one moment realizing that you must play. You tell us your meetings have plenty of spirit. They certainly have, for we heard you give voice to it. But what do you ever accomplish when every one is talking and no two agree on the same points? We are sorry for you and your president, Mr. Rumpff, has our heartfelt sympathy. We even heard one of your members express herself, when asked to a meeting, in a manner like this, "My! Another one of those blamed things." In order that you may hold your sessions next year in the Senior way, that is with system, quietness and speed, we refer you to our secretary.

We are in duty bound to notify you that the moving picture course will receive no credit and that if you are intelligent you will stay at home and do plenty of honest "plugging" or else suffer the consequences. Also allow me to tell you that you will have more help next year and goodness knows you will need it. Yes, the faculty thought that owing to your failure to grasp certain subjects that it would need another teacher to give various persons individual instruction.

Do you ever read papers? No one would ever know it, for when you happened to read in the press the following Normal notes you hastily accused us of telling lies.

"Seniors make parody on Junior song and sing it to amazement of Juniors."

"The Juniors following the example of the Seniors have recently donned their class colors of garnet and silver."

By that, dear friends we did not mean we wore our colors first, but that you, because of the Senior song surprise, thought we might "beat" you in wearing them.

Again, that makes me recall that little banner affair of a few weeks ago. You, I have no doubt, thought you could "put" something over on us, when you tried to persuade the janitor to let you hang out your banner. True to us he refused you. Then you—rational beings went to see the principal about it, but what did you gain—nothing. This was a grievous mistake, but guard against it next year.

Also, you must learn to give yells—screeches cause one to think of an Indian war whoop whenever given.

These are only a few of the many faults which you so unfortunately possess and I know you are grateful to us for calling your attention to them. But as we have helped you in the past, we do not turn away now when help and advice means your very existence.

Remember this Juniors: If you begin with the choice and development of a low ideal, you have laid the foundation of a first class failure. Every one will say he has failed who has wrecked a ship in his fleet of prospects. If you shall reach a goal lower than the Class of 1916 do not write the dread word across the record of your lives. But if you finish by being less than you might have been, you have failed. To avoid this you must follow, as well as possible, in the footsteps of this noble Senior Class. Make us your guiding stars and whenever you are confronted by a difficult situation—Stop and think, "What would a member of the Class of 1916 do?"

ROBERT J. HODGINS.

Charge to the Seniors

Class Day Program, June 22, 1916

Gathered here once more, you Seniors, full of hope, we Juniors full of subdued happiness, await that moment when we can sigh with relief and say, "They're gone."

When we entered this institution one year ago we looked upon you Seniors with awe because of the few good samples you had on display in our different classes. We soon learned however that these were but a mock and that there were few, if any, who had anything in stock. Your words and looks were not enough, for your performance quickly called your bluff. As an ostrich with his head under the sand, thinks himself in safety so you constantly clung to little technicalities in an attempt to deceive us as to your lack of knowledge. Dignity was your pass-word but you lacked the most essential quality of dignity—elevation of mind. You realized the superiority of the Junior class from the very first. Of course you would not admit it, but actions speak louder than words and your actions betrayed you, for when our class assembled for the first time, we held a dance in your very stronghold the study-hall and realizing your inferiority on this occasion you were overjoyed when standing on the shoulders of your class mates you were able to get a glimpse of your betters through the transoms above the study hall doors.

All through the year your cautious statesmen approached members of the Junior class, for their advice on all weighty matters, and I dare say that the little success your class has attained is due to the guiding spirit of your honorable President, who daily received advice and instruction from a member of the illustrious Junior class.

You have taken every chance to berate and scoff the class, that I have the honor of representing here today; but we understand the method in your madness, for early in the year you recognized the fact, that we had reached your level. You could not keep the pace—you broke—and spent your time in trying to stamp out and undo the good accomplished by the workers. If you had ambition or ability, you would have strengthened the cordial relations for it is the individual, not the beginning that counts in the end. You considered yourselves important because, as Seniors you were occasionally permitted to annoy important people, but so can a gnat or a poor relation. Remember, Charles Lamb's description of a poor relation—"the most irrelevant thing in nature—a haunting conscience—a mote in your eye"—take heed noble Seniors lest your efforts spell failure.

During the last month you almost made us think that you did have a spark of pride left, but that little spark was quenched when on the morning of May 25

some of your members borrowed our class colors and proudly wore them in the presence of their class-mates who applauded them, for all recognized the good taste of the few. All through the year you have gone blindly ahead trying to make an impression in your simple way, thinking that a loud voice and a boisterous laugh would turn the thoughts of everyone away from your blundering "Safety First" tactics, but it always spoke the vacant mind instead.

You did not count because you could not be counted on. In basketball you promised fitness, but you were forced to retreat. Time waits for no one, but as usual you thought it would and instead of keeping pace with the times which in this case demanded preparedness, you lagged behind and were caught unprepared in the crisis.

But while you are thinking of your maulings, stop, for opportunity still is calling. Take heart noble Seniors I have described you as I found you in your off day moods and mood is not character. Character is what one is, not one's reputation.

As Thor, the thunder god of old struggled with the little old woman—time—so you must struggle to do your little bit before it is too late. At this time I remember the words of Shakespeare: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which if taken at its flood leads on to fortune." It seems to me that at this time such a tide is awaiting you and as you set sail in your frail barks, upon this flood that leads you on to the great sea of life, we wish you the best of success, bountiful returns for your labors, and may the ideals implanted and fostered by the faculty of your Alma Mater be carried with you.

ROY R. RUMPF.



Class Poem---1916

Class Day Program, June 22, 1916

Teachers, comrades all around us
Do ye stop and think awhile;
Put away that sad expression,
To the face now bring a smile.

We shall part but who shall tell us
Thus 'twill be for us alway?
Why are friendships formed and strengthened
To be severed in a day?

They are not. The chain of friendship,
Like unto a chain of gold,
Always built of links so faithful,
They'll be strong, when growing old.

And like all things built so careful
They grow stronger day by day;
No amount of parting breaks it,
They can surely last for aye.

These two years that we've been working
Have been years of happiness.
We have plodded, shirked, and played some,
But we tried to do our best.

Many friendships formed and strengthened
Have been made at this old school.
We shall cherish these old friendships
As we follow out life's rule.

We shall part, but who shall tell us
That it now will be the last?
We shall cherish these old friendships,
Formed here in this recent past.

When our earthly life is ended,
E'en if we've not met before
We shall surely meet again then
On that holy Other Shore.

We can then renew the friendships
That have stood the test of time;
We shall then all be together
In that far off happy clime.

MAUD CLARK.



History of Delta Chapter of Agonians for 1916

Since school entered upon its fall term in September, it has made new history for, and added new laurels to dear old Delta Chapter which holds such a proud place in the minds of both students and faculty of Plattsburgh Normal.

The first few weeks of school were saddened, for the members, by the news of the death of their beloved and highly esteemed Sister Agonian, Mary Norton.

Almost the first day of school the members set about planning and scheming ways in which to entertain the new girls. The results of this scheming were many unique and original entertainments.

The first of these entertainments was given in the form of a corn roast held "up the river." All reported a good time with appetites well satisfied. Later a Poverty Party held in the gymnasium was equally enjoyed.

The "rush season" closed for the Agonians with a reception held in Agonian Hall on the evening of October 15th. The 25th of the same month was chosen for pledge day, and on the evening of November 25th, the seventeen new members were initiated with all the solemnity and sobriety that such a sacred rite demands.

On March 23rd nine more girls were added to the list—making in all fifty-seven active members of Delta Chapter.

Convocation of the Grand Fraternity was held with Delta Chapter this year, beginning on the morning of May 12th with a business meeting and closing on the evening of May 13th with a reception given by the Clonian Sorority, held in their hall.

During their stay the Delta Chapter entertained their delegates by a tea, a theatre party and a banquet held at the Witherill Hotel.

This year above all others, will long be remembered by the members as being the best in the history of the fraternity. Every ideal and hope having been

realized with even greater results than were anticipated and the words "Alpha Kappa Phi" will ever be as sacred to its members as they are now.

Loving thoughts about her cluster
Fond hearts linger o'er her name
Ever at her call they'll muster
True protectors of her fame.

As around some Queen of Daring
Lords would hang in days of old
So will Agos, their triumph sharing
Rally round the blue and gold!

JULE COLLINS.



“Getting Wise.”

I, John Doe have traveled much and studied quite a deal, and thought I had an education, but found it was not real. So early in September, the date I can't remember, I packed my grip, and took a trip, right down to Plattsburgh town. The Normal School, I then did seek, a boarding house and room, and numerous other things which I accomplished soon. Then early one “September Morn” to school I wound my way, and all along did wonder what would come to me that day.

But ah! dear friend, how time has passed. My school days now are near the last; but kindly, to my tale give heed, and note on what my brain did feed.

First, I learned to value time,
Each second to improve the mind.
Teachers never came in late,
Always kept us up to date.
Told us stories, wonderful sights
Far greater than Arabian Nights.
Then, too, methods we received,
And no one felt at all deceived.
Ah! Yes, then critics we became,
Prob'ly future men of fame.
For errors, we can now detect
And tell the authors, what's correct.
At keeping books we can't be “beat”
For now we accomplish any feat
Or write new text-books (any kind)
And do it up in the shortest time.
We've also taken in Commercial Law
Many more notes, than you ever saw.
Six hundred pages or more, I think,
Enough to cause my heart to sink.
In Accounting, each one is a “shark”
For really 'tis a merry “lark.”
Since we do problems by the score

And very seldom our eyes get sore.
In penmanship also we do shine,
For we always practice when we've time.
Speakers great come visiting us
Telling when to do thus and thus.
Those in Law were certainly fine
And we hope they'll come again some time.
They say, in many things, we're slow
But in commercial work, "What don't we know?"

METAMORPHOSIS.

I saw him when his hair was thin
And touched with silver too,
In half an hour I saw it thick
And brilliant brown in hue.

I saw him most exceeding fat
And hasty as it sounds,
Yet in a walk of seven blocks
He lost full eighty pounds.

I saw him lose in equal time
A squint in both his eyes,
And saw his Roman nose turn pug
Uplifting toward the skies.

These rapid changes I observed
The quickest ever seen,
Were pictures of a movie actor
Upon the movie screen.

President's Address

Class Day Program, June 22, 1916

Friends, Juniors and Classmates:

The task which today has fallen to me is indeed a difficult one. Although we appear before you today as a class strong and united, having spent two years striving toward the goal which is now so near at hand, there comes to our minds a feeling of regret for we realize that in a short time the name of the class of 1916 will be recorded only in the annals of history and we the members of that class shall have gone forth to take our places in life's battle line. I say life's battle line, for it is indeed a battle and the preparation which we have received, the weapons with which we have been armed during our stay here have better equipped us for the coming struggle. And as we advance with our motto, "*Laborantes praestare*" ever before us we are sure to succeed. Success is sure only to him who is willing to labor. And now that we have chosen a life's work, if we surpass all in it we must needs be satisfied.

I wish to thank you Classmates for honoring me with the presidency of this class. You have exerted every effort from the time of the organization to make this class not only the largest in the history of the school but the most worthy. Whenever difficult tasks arose you responded with a will, whenever class interests were involved you caught the enthusiasm showing your strength and mettle, for each of you were willing to undergo any hardship, to sacrifice anything for the good of all. And it is that steadfastness of purpose, that true class spirit and loyalty to your school and faculty that will ever bring you success.

I again thank you for your hearty support and hope that your future record may be as bright as your past.

It has been the custom for each graduating class, in the past, to give something which might in a small way show its appreciation of what the school has done for it. But for the first time in the history of the institution the two classes have combined their efforts that they might make their gift one which would more graciously express their appreciation of what the State Normal School has done for them. But it means more than this, for it is emblematic of the

good feeling that exists between the classes of 1916 and 1917 and the true school spirit which supercedes all else.

We wish to think you Juniors for your cooperation, for without it this gift would have been impossible. Nor is this an exception but rather the rule which you have followed in all your dealings with us.

It gives me great pleasure on this occasion to represent the classes of 1916 and 1917 in presenting this fountain and as it unceasingly pours forth its pure water to inspire those who are so fortunate as to be within its sphere may we pour forth knowledge to those entrusted to our care.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

I come upon thee, Logic,
Not knowing what you be
But beast or thing at any loss,
I mean to conquer thee.

(Two months after)

I've met thee now, dear Logic
I well know what you be!
You're the most disgusting dose
That ever came to me!

Students' Welfare League

Since so many of those who attend the Plattsburgh Normal School do not make their homes in the city, they have in times of sickness and trouble felt the need of some one to care for and advise them. The Students' Welfare League has tried for the past two years to meet this need. Its noble and worthy aim is to care for sick students, procure a physician and make hospital arrangements if necessary, carry meals and see, as far as possible, that they are made as comfortable as they would be at home.

The League is composed of volunteer student workers. To facilitate carrying on the work, the city is divided into eight districts, each under a leader and two assistants. Any absence of more than one day is reported to the leader of the district in which the absentee resides, and he immediately places the matter in the hands of one of his assistants, who must report all calls and services to the leader.

At the first meeting held in December, 1915, the following officers were chosen:

President—H. P. Horton.

Vice-President—Esther Duncan.

Secretary—Ethel Cornwright.

These officers appointed the leaders and assistants of the eight districts. Sickness has been prevalent during the past year and the League has had ample opportunity to show the character and value of its work.

Leaders report since January, 1916, the total of one hundred and thirty-two calls made, besides forty-two meals prepared and served. Hospital arrangements have been made for several students and doctors' services advised in many cases. Services, such as carrying books, or taking students to trains, while not officially reported, have been the work of individual Student League workers.

The League has attempted another task—the finding out of boarding places in the city that are too cold, uncomfortable or in any other way unfit for students to occupy. This can be made an important work if students would report such facts to the leaders of their districts. An official visit might remedy conditions

when individual complaints would be of no avail. At any rate, such places would not be recommended to future students.

P. S. N. S. is the only Normal School that has such an organization and the others are looking to her to see how it succeeds. The faculty and promoters of the League are anxious to make this organization successful—one of greater importance and of service to all. Its success has depended upon the cooperation and enthusiasm of its individual members.

SUPPOSE!

Suppose the summer'd ever come

- " the Normal'd have some fun
- " the Seniors didn't rush
- " Emilea didn't gush.
- " Miss Sharrer's hair not red
- " Miss Smith were Miss Brown instead.
- " the Juniors weren't so green
- " Dr. Kitchell too small to be seen.
- " Edith Jaques forgot to shake
- " Eleanor Arthur a heart should break.
- " Ethel for Rouge shouldn't weep
- " Kathryn Conway a secret should keep
- " Mr. Thompson did all he was able
- " Mary McMasters should not rob the cradle
- " Just suppose all these things should come true
- " I think 'twould be a funny old world. Don't you?

Class Prophecy

Class Day Program, June 22, 1916

It was the evening of the last day of school in the year of 1939. I thought I needed a vacation after twenty-three years of teaching and decided to spend the summer in the Alps.

A few days later, while waiting for the boat in New York City, a large sign attracted my attention. "The Big Four Commercial School"—"Accounting a Specialty." This aroused my curiosity and I immediately thought of my Alma Mater. I inquired of a passerby who was very much amused that I did not know the Big Four. "They are Moe, McKown, Savage and Pearl and you certainly have heard of the world famous Certified Public Accountants McKinney and Derby, and of the wonderful typists Johnson and Wilkinson who teach there." It was time for the boat to leave and I regretted that I must go without seeing my old classmates, but resolved if ever in New York again, to call at the Big Four Commercial School.

The whistle blew as I rushed up the gang plank. Every one was saying "Suppose the boat should be attacked by a submarine." Since the Germans had gained control of the seas, it was dangerous for a boat to go out. Watchful waiting was their only policy.

For four days, we had a beautiful trip. On the fifth day, a terrific storm came up. We thought we would be dashed to pieces by the sea. In the night, a terrible crash was heard; the Germans had taken advantage of the fog. Down we went, down, down, down for what seemed days until we came to the bottom of the sea. Oh, but it was dark down there! I remembered my pocket flashlight and with it wandered about. Soon I came to a great palace, I entered the gate, flashed the light on the door and to my astonishment P. S. N. S. 1916 was written there.

I opened the door and went in. The walls were made of panel mirrors. In the center was a chair on which was a card, "Made by Myrtis Smith." I sat down. As I gazed, pictures, very life like, appeared in the glass.

Yes, there was Hazel Delmadge wearing a large sunbonnet, standing in the center of a potato patch on a large farm. Then Marjorie Woodruff appeared working at a sewing machine in the midst of beautiful gowns. I was wondering why she had changed her occupation when there appeared the picture of a huge

suffragists' parade to celebrate the tenth anniversary of woman suffrage. Bob Hodgins and Harry Kilburn were at the head, next in line came Mary Shea, Esther Chapman, Bessie Anderson, Carrie Lee, and Frances Clay.

This caused me to laugh and another laugh answered mine. Marian Ros-siter, now Mrs. Shayne, a social worker, was playing tag with a group of children. One of the children looked up at her and said, "My mother knows you."

"What is your name, little girl?"

"My name is Betty Byrnes."

Another picture flashed before me of a dancing school. Adelaide Landon and Ida Wolfe were teaching the fancy steps to the music produced by Ethel Jackson, pianist; Agnes Martin and Edith Jacques, violinists; Mae Kennedy playing the ukulele, and last but not least, there sat Henry McCurry playing the bag-pipe, drowning out all the others.

I saw the interior of the Plattsburgh theatre. The size of the audience was bewildering; the prima donnas, Beatrice Merritt, Marian Lambkins and Elizabeth Rooney had just appeared. In one of the boxes were Colonel Siegfried and his wife, formerly Edna La Pan who was now satisfied with her position.

Then, came a picture of the Clinton County Fair Grounds. Betty Griffith and Ruth Brant were amusing a huge crowd with their wonderful bareback stunts on "Nick" and "Mustard." At one side, Maud Clark and Mrs. Delaney were telling fortunes; on the other side, Esther Duncan, Gladys Kimball, Edith Douglas, Jennie Sanger, Gladys Curtis, Mary Soper, Lavern Sprague and Marguerite McCarthy were giving a dance with Julia Hopkins on stilts leading them.

Then the tennis court at Forest Hills, Long Island, was shown with Nellie Keck and Reta Tanner playing for world championship.

I was aroused by a great peal of thunder and jumped up to find myself safely aboard the American ship.

It was morning and we were even then in sight of the Emerald Isle. That night we landed in Liverpool and the first one I should see when I went down the gang plank was Jessie Graham, who was touring the Eastern Hemisphere in her airship. I spent that night at her hotel and left early the next morning for Switzerland. Jessie told me that she had often heard from all the class. I met many of them that summer, where they, like myself, were recuperating to hold out two years more when we should receive our pension and apply for admission into the "Old Ladies Home."

MARGUERITE BUSH.

Junior's Romance

Class Day Program, June 22, 1916

Every class has its romance, but a class in a State Normal School for teachers is the last place in the world where one would expect to find a romance. Nevertheless with the advent of the class of 1917, romance crept slowly but surely in.

When the "rush" parties began the lads and lassies looked at each other and decided that perhaps they wouldn't be so lonely during the cold, bleak winter.

It took Ivan Edwards but a short time to determine that no one but Miss Barber could suit his taste, and it was safe to say that "Margaret had a man from Vermont and everywhere that Margaret went that man was sure to jaunt."

Not long after school began we noticed that Alberta Schearer and Bert McGovern were well satisfied with each other's company, but late in the winter it was whispered about that Bert and Alberta were "on the outs." We also learned that a certain young high school girl was the cause of the quarrel but perhaps Bert explained the matter to Alberta's satisfaction or else promised to go out with no other girl when Alberta was out of town for the week end.

Take heed ye lassies if you would be wise and when in the winter you pick out your swains make sure that they possess cars for remember spring time is coming. The Misses Shaad and Scharrer are splendid examples of wise young maidens.

Mollie Burns stood back at first and we haven't a doubt but that she said, "Not ready by gosh," until Stanley appeared on the scene and then she seemed to be always ready.

We offer our deepest sympathy to Laurena Archambault because she cannot be at the front but we sincerely hope that Mr. Henry will come through the war without a scratch.

At first we rather imagined that Miss Halpin favored no man who was not connected with a theatre but now we notice that Jehial is always on deck in the morning and at noon to carry her books when a man is most useful.

On Kate Fox's arrival she found John here ever ready to do her bidding.

Maybe Lillian Cooke is wise in refusing all invitations to go out because of a young man at home but we would remind her that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

Marie Austin will be able to write a book on touring the Adirondacks in a Ford, and have it as a memento when Kenneth is in the wild and woolly west.

Agnes Eckberg has taken a sudden liking to Parker House rolls. We wonder why.

We know Miss Wood is unable to answer perfectly sensible questions in logic, but never mind Virginia, the trouble in Mexico may not last long.

Hattie Davy has a fondness for a short man inclined to be portly, while Ruth Alexander likes a tall and slim man.

So kind reader you may judge that even in a Normal school, romance has its place.

CATHERINE COLLIGAN, '17.

TUNE—MOTHER.

N, is for the nuts that go to Normal
O, means Obadiah great and strong
R, is for reception stiff and formal
M, stands for the music never wrong
A, is for athletics of which we're fond
L, means lake which really is a pond
Put them all together they spell Normal
A place that means hard-work to me.

Ivy Oration

Class Day Program, June 22, 1916

Classmates: This is a day memorial. It is a day of joy and sadness. Joy at the realization of our hopes, and the satisfaction with completed work. And there is sadness. The sadness of partings and farewells. The associations we have formed here play no small part in moulding our character. And as these associations have been good ones we go forth, stronger, braver, kinder and truer for having known one another. Our new friends have become old friends and:

"Old Friends like Ivy and the Wall,
Both stand together and together fall."

Above this and overall is the unconscious, unmeasured influence of our school, and the staff of unselfish teachers, whose thoughts are for humanity and the coming generations.

Like classes before, we plant this ivy to crown our school with that symbol of victory and success. It is altogether fitting and proper that we do this, but in a larger sense, we alone can crown our school with victory by the lives we lead and the influence we wield in this ever pressing onward civilization. So as we teach next year, let it be with no mean thoughts of our own success but of what we can give that will help the world and our fellow men. Let each one of us, like Abou Ben Adam, be written down as one who loves his fellow men.

Fellow Classmates: This ivy which our President has planted is symbolic of our class. As it grows from year to year, sending out new branches and tendrils, enfolding in loving embrace our Alma Mater, so she sends us forth, another class, deeply rooted in her spirit that her ideals may enfold the coming generations and that the life she has given us may quicken the civilization of our beloved State. And though our individual share of this great work may seem insignificant we must remember we are doing it in the hope and knowledge that we are benefitting all mankind.

This ivy which we plant is an emblem of our undying love and loyalty to our school. Here we place the symbol of the victory, liberty and truth which have been inspired in us by our Alma Mater.

JESSIE GRAHAM.



Gift of the Classes of 1916 and 1917

Class Song

1.

We have come to the end of those joyous days,
That we spent so free from care
And now at the parting of the ways
There'll be many to shed a tear.
We have worked, all together and played the same.
Always with hearts serene
With the hope to honor the cherished name
Of Nineteen Sixteen.

2.

As we leave this school that has grown so dear.
We will think of the days gone by,
And go out in a world that is cold and drear,
Regretting, we'll breathe a sigh;
For the faculty ever so kind and good
And the Juniors we all love well.
So we'll hope that deep in their hearts so true
Our mem'ry will ever dwell.

EMILY E. MULHOLLAND.



Jokes

Dr. Kitchell—Did you say Savannah?

Miss Nelson—Yes ma'am.

Dr. Kitchell—Do I look like a woman?

Miss Nelson—No ma'am.

McGovern—Say Ben, do you know Homkey?

Haynes—Sure I do. We sleep together in Logic.

Miss Andrews (coming into drawing class)—What is all this noise?

Miss Bush—We're dropping perpendiculars.

Mr. S.—She just made up her mind to catch him so she set her cap and before the summer was over they were married.

Margaret G. (sitting up and taking notice)—Please tell us how she did it, Mr. Shallies.

McK.—Say, Barton, let's play a different march when they go out.

Barton—Sure.

McK.—What shall we play?

Barton—"America, I Love You."

McK.—Holy Smoke! I played that when they came in.

(Senior Boy staring at Junior girl).

Girl (resenting it)—Rubber.

Boy—Gosh, I thought you were real.

Mary Powers—I heard you were going to the Clio play.

John—I was, but my girl can't go and I won't go alone.

Mary—I haven't my ticket yet either.

(Even at Normal, Leap Year is observed).

DURING BASKETBALL PRACTICE.

Brit Miller—(extending arms) Bombardier, is this hugging?

Bombardier—No, come here and I'll show you what hugging is.

Dr. Kitchell—(working a decimal problem in Arithmetic class) Well now Miss O'Connor, where does the decimal point come in?

Miss O'Connor (innocently)—Why in the pointing off, of course.

WE WONDER.

If Miss Austin will ever change her hair dress

“ Miss Goldberg ever eats eggs

“ Miss Gill will ever be tall enough to look down on some one (?)

“ Miss Johnson will always blush when called on

“ Miss Kornhauser will ever have less to say

“ Miss Mattson will ever disagree with her teachers

“ Miss E. Duffy will always take such good care of her sister

“ Miss Colligan ever caught the “Cod” for geography class

“ Miss Halpin visited only her relatives when she was home for Christmas

“ Miss Miller will ever speak so that she can be understood

“ Miss Wood will ever learn to answer a question

“ Miss Beresford sleeps well during geography class

“ Miss Burke is a member of the Junior Class

“ Miss McMartin will ever master the “Charlie Chaplin”

“ Miss Shearer knows why and where “Terry” moved

“ Mr. Bombardier is the most popular man in the general course

“ Mr. Hainfeld can talk as well as he can make motions

“ Mr. Hall has ever tried to enlist

“ Mr. Dean will ever become proficient on the violin

“ Mr. McGovern moved because he was too far from the North Pole.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted—A first barber. By “Stick” Edwards.

Wanted—A secretary to write letters of application by Ida Wolfe.

Lost—A beautiful high soprano voice somewhere in Normal Halls. Finder please return to Edith Brown and receive the gratitude of the faculty.

Lost—An appetite. Last seen going down Brinkerhoff Street. Eletha Sheffield.

Dr. Kitchell—Well Ethel what have you had that makes you so dreamy?

Miss Cornwright—It must have been the Olivetti salad I had last night.

A brilliant Senior in History Methods class prescribed the use of “antidotes” in a History Lesson. Perhaps her pupils would need them.

CONUNDRUMS.

Q. Why does Mr. Fenaughty resemble Darius?

A. Captured by Alexander.

Q. What subject does Betty Griffith prefer?

A. History of "Ed."

Q. Why does Miss Senecal like cows?

A. She likes their moo so (Mouso) well.

Why is "Emerson" Nell's favorite writer?

Agnes Martin says she has been taking anti-fat but the only thing that has become thin so far is her hair.

Measles, measles, measles,
We saw most everywhere
Great big cards of red and black
That warned us to beware.
The measles had Plattsburgh in their grip
They had the Normal too,
And if you don't be careful
The measles will get you!

Dr. K. (In Com'l Geography)—What is Holland covered with?

A. Wolfe—Dairy products.

Mr. S.—Has anyone seen Miss Daley's Logic or her Gregg Speed?

How can anyone lose what she never had?

Eleanor Arthur (to one of the boys)—Then you didn't catch the measles?

No, why?

Eleanor—You sat right beside me the day before I went home with them.

Who'd a thought it of Eleanor?

Bessie Anderson should have taken an agricultural course since she expects to live on a farm in Vermont.

Dr. H.—What is the most important city of Greece?

Miss Lee—Rome.

1. My neighbor is my helper; I shall not flunk.
2. He raiseth my standing; he leadeth me in paths of knowledge for credit's sake.
3. Yea, though I plod through the quizzes and exams of professors, I shall fear no evil, for thou art with me and thy whispers they comfort me.
4. Thou preparest my subjects for me in spite of my teachers; thou crownest my head with fame, my standing runneth high.
5. Surely applause and recognition shall follow me all the days of my life and my neighbor shall dwell in my thoughts forever.

PRAYER.

Oh mighty power that rules the Universe!
 Look down upon thy woe-begotten ones;
 Deliver us from Kitchell's jokes
 And Thompson's personal references,
 From Miss Garrity's sarcasm
 And the learned Henshaw's puns.

Miss Merritt is willing to lend her white skirt to anyone whose knees are likely to shake while performing on the rostrum. We hear that Mr. Savage is the first to decide to take advantage of the kind offer.

Dr. H.—When was Christianity established as the state religion at Rome?
 Frances C.—313.
 Dr. H.—A. D. or B. C.?
 Frances—B. C. of course.

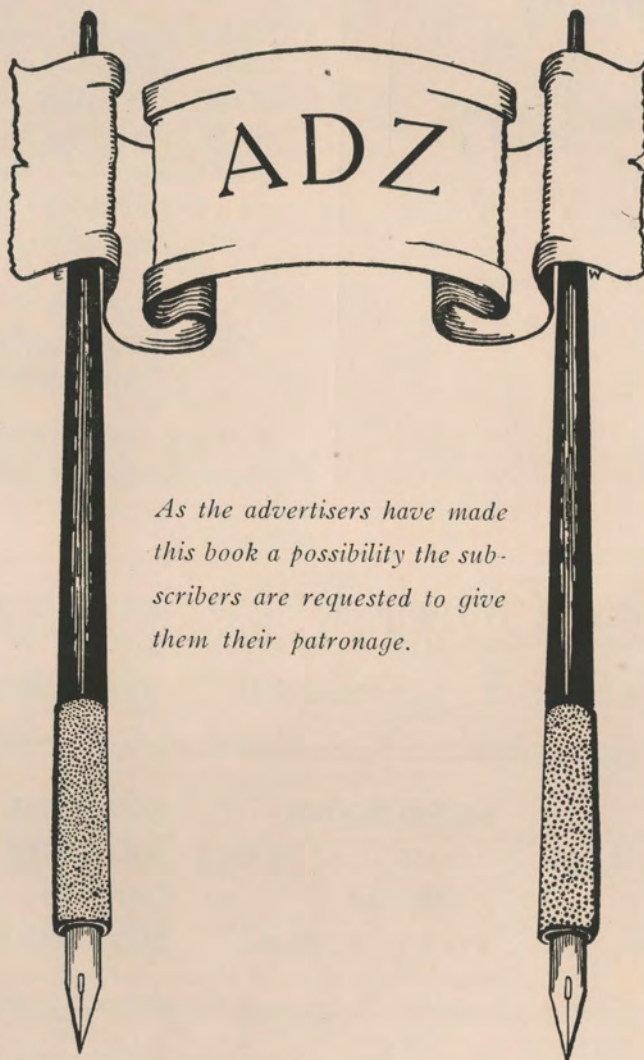
If Hainfelt around in the Hall and met a Wolfe would he put him in a Korn-house (r) or Buck against him till Rumpff would (Mc)Govern the situation?

We tho't Miss Brant came here to study to be a teacher but we fear she is in danger of becoming a "Carpenter."

Edith D.—Do you like tea?
 Willie S.—Yes, but I like the next letter better.

Miss Garrity—Give me the rule for finding *do* in a case like that.
 Miss Fuller—Why, why—I had it at my finger tips, but—
 Miss Garrity—It's too bad you washed your hands.

Also we understand that Miss Hopkins is thinking of foresaking the profession and preparing to become a "Baker."



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Miss McCarthy thinks that the best part of a lemon is the rind (Ryan).

Miss Carroll—Miss Miles, explain as briefly as possible what you understand by “relief.”

Miss Miles (thoughtfully)—The second bell.

Mr. Shallies—What is the point in the story of Aladdin and the Lamp?

Miss La Pan—I suppose it means, he was lit up.

Miss Harrica (telling the story of Jacob)—“Now, children, this well was a hole in the ground.” How strange!

Ben Haynes says because a man’s cornered its no sign he’s on the square.

Mr. Shallies—I’m here sawing wood in this Normal School.

Margaret Palmer—Are you referring to us as blockheads.

Has anyone seen Kathleen Buckley’s “Big Ben?”

IN HISTORY OF ED. CLASS.

Miss Carnes—All the people in the Massachusetts colony lived together.

A few minutes later—I didn’t mean what I said.

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Mr. Sinclair would like to know, why M. Rossiter is "tired" in History of Commerce also why Marjorie Woodruff wants the shade down. Is it a habit or is the light too strong?

"Miss Smith might be Miss (Mrs.) Brown."—An announcement made in the study hall the morning after Easter recess.

Mr. Kilburn—What is this test to be on?

Mr. Sinclair—On paper.

Miss Pearl (Examining a bankdraft)—Where did you get it?

The Owner—My aunt who works in a bank sent it to me.

Miss Pearl—Oh, then, she gets them for nothing.

Mr. Henshaw—Which would be easier, to get interested in some man or in a governmental policy?

Chorus from the girls—A man!

Mr. Thompson says if he were starting the commercial course again, he wouldn't have any bank.

Where would Mr. Brown and Miss Smith spend their time at noon? Perhaps in the Clio room.

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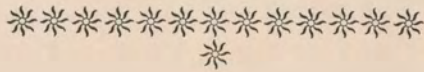
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Quoth—"I'm the mighty Me,
The He, the Who, also the What;
The Is, the Was, the Yet to Be,
There's nothing Great that I am not."

P. S. N. S. DICTIONARY.

Broke—A contagious disease, prevailing especially among P. S. N. S. students.

Bluff—To fool a professor by making him think he is It.

Crib—Verb: To give or receive aid when in need. Noun: A small slip of paper covered with information.

Cram—Usually applied to night study a few days before examinations.

Etc.—Used by professors when they wish to convey the idea that they know more than they really do.

Flunk—A word used to express that which a P. S. N. S. student should never do.

Jolly—The process used by students in order to get their work accepted.

Pinch—Term used in describing an exam in which one's crib worked successfully.

Bob—"Say, Bart, what time does the next train pull in here and how long does it stay?"

"From two to two, to two-two."

"Hey Willie, do you think you're the whistle?"

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Miss Savage says if she can ever Ow(e)n Murtagh she'll be happy.

Miss Carroll (in Geography)—Miss Foisy, you may locate the heat belt.

Miss Foisy—I can't.

Miss Carroll—Well, you'd better find out, you may have cause to use your
knowledge of that region some day.

While Pint's away
Adelaide will play
With whom? Why Fay.

Dr. Henshaw—Give me the dates of Baeda's birth and death.

Miss Paquet—From 325 to 735.

(Miss Paquet cannot see now how she erred.)

Who is Miss Cunningham's friend Joe? In Literature one of her assign-
ments was "Beautiful Joe," another "Joseph and his Brethren."

You've been keeping something from us, Mary.

SPEAKING OF FLOWERS.

Charlotte—I just love tulips (two lips).

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Mr. Thompson wants to know if Miss Woodruff is coaching McCurry. Henry admits himself that he spent 45 minutes talking to her.

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Janitor—Homkey.

Prof. of Modern Languages (including slang)—Roy Rumpff.

"Bored" of Education—Most of us already.

"Do you know you talk in your sleep, Stanley?" said Bill.

"Well," was the meek response, "do you begrudge me even those few words?"

If my mind were as broad
As my height is high
I would know very much
"In the Sweet Bye and Bye."

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Mr. Thompson is considering resigning his position in favor of Mr. Moe with Miss McKown as Assistant. He has already vacated his office for their use and Harold has had his official stationery printed.

Why is Betty McElligot so anxious to get a job when she says herself she doesn't want one? It'll take more than one year's salary to buy a trousseau, Betty.

Misses Keck and Johnson are so far advanced in History of Commerce that they have private lessons in the study hall.

M. Warner and R. Tanner had some snap in the office. The business managers of the Year Book were too much interested in each other to trouble them.

Wanted—A fellow by A. Landon.

A method of pounding something into the heads of the History of Commerce class.

A girl who will not desert me—Pat Cogan.

Information! Any information regarding the whereabouts of Frank O'Connor eight nights out of the week will be gladly received by his family.

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